

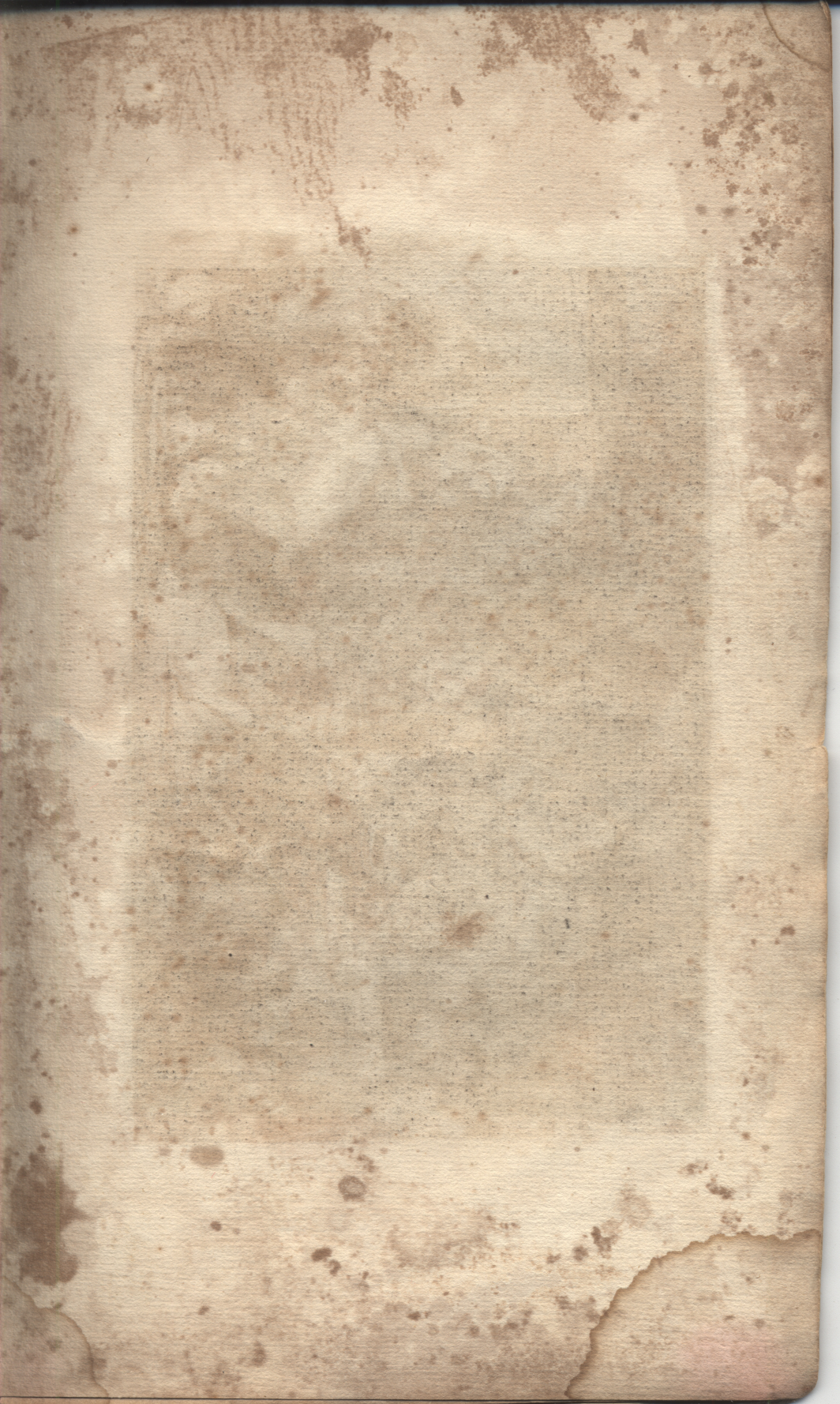




George Cruikshank.

## The Stone Kitchen.



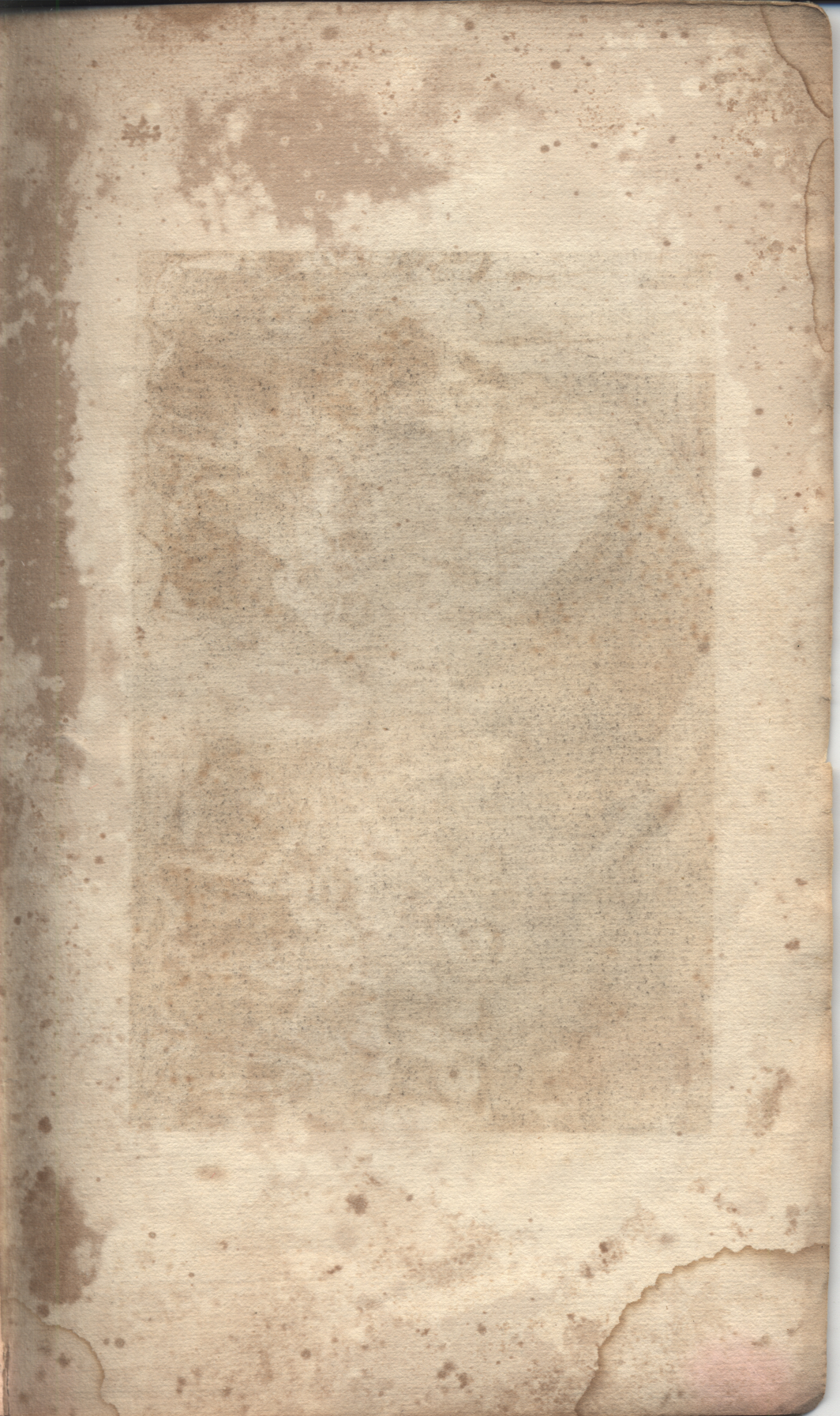






Queen Jane's entrance into the Tower.









Queen Jane's first night in the Tower.





THE GATE TOWER.

## THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Book the First.

*Jane the Queen*

### I.—OF THE MANNER IN WHICH QUEEN JANE ENTERED THE TOWER OF LONDON.



ON the 10th of July, 1553, about two hours after noon, a loud discharge of ordnance burst from the turrets of Durham House, then the residence of the Duke of Northumberland, grand-master of the realm, and occupying the site of the modern range of buildings, known as the Adelphi; and, at the signal, which was immediately answered from every point along the river where a bombard or culverin could be planted,—from the adjoining hospital of the Savoy,—the old palace of Bridewell, recently



converted by Edward VI., at the instance of Ridley, bishop of London, into a house of correction,—Baynard's Castle, the habitation of the Earl of Pembroke,—the gates of London-bridge,—and, lastly, from the batteries of the Tower,—a gallant train issued from the southern gateway of the stately mansion above-named, and descended the stairs leading to the water's edge, where, appointed for their reception, was drawn up a squadron of fifty superbly-gilt barges,—some decorated with banners and streamers,—some with cloth-of-gold and arras, embroidered with the devices of the civic companies,—others with innumerable silken pennons to which were attached small silver bells, “making a goodly noise and a goodly sight as they waved in the wind,”—while others, reserved for the more important personages of the ceremony, were covered at the sides with shields gorgeously emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the different noblemen and honourable persons composing the privy council, amid which the cognizance of the Duke of Northumberland,—a lion rampant, *or*, double quevéé, *vert*,—appeared proudly conspicuous. Each barge was escorted by a light galley, termed a foist or waster, manageable either by oar or sail as occasion demanded, and attached to its companion by a stout silken tow-line. In these galleys, besides the rowers, whose oars were shipped, and in readiness to be dropped, at an instant's notice, into the tide, and the men-at-arms, whose tall pikes, steel caps, and polished corslets flashed in the sun-beams, sat bands of minstrels provided with sackbuts, shalms, cornets, rebecs, and other forgotten musical instruments. The conduct of the whole squadron was entrusted to six officers, whose business it was to prevent confusion, and who, in the small swift wherries appointed to their use, rowed rapidly from place to place, endeavouring by threats and commands to maintain order, and keep off the crowd of boats and craft of all sorts hurrying towards them from every quarter of the river. It was a brilliant and busy scene, and might be supposed a joyous and inspiring one—more especially, as the object which had called together this assemblage was the conveyance of a young and lovely sovereign to her throne within the Tower. But it was not so. Young and lovely as was that sovereign,—rich,—richer, perhaps, than any of her sex,—in endowments of mind and person,—illustrious and royal in birth,—professing and supporting a faith, then newly established throughout the country, and which it was feared, and with reason, might be greatly endangered, if not wholly subverted, if another and nearer claimant of the crown, the Princess Mary, had succeeded to the inheritance; still, with all these high recommendations,—though her rights were insisted upon by the ablest and most eloquent divines from the pulpit, though her virtues, her acquirements, and her beauty were the theme of every tongue;—as she was not first in the succession, and, above all, as she had been invested with regal authority by one who, from his pride, was obnoxious to all men,—her father-in-law, the Duke



of Northumberland,—the Lady Jane Dudley's accession was viewed by all ranks and all parties with mistrust and apprehension. In vain had the haughty duke brought her with a splendid cavalcade from Sion House to his own palace. No cheers greeted her arrival—no rejoicings were made by the populace, but a sullen and ominous silence prevailed amongst those who witnessed her entrance into the capital. It is true that her youth and surpassing beauty excited the greatest interest. Murmurs of irrepressible admiration arose at her appearance; but these were immediately checked on the approach of Northumberland, who, following closely behind her, eyed the concourse as if he would enforce their applauses; and it was emphatically said, that in pity of the victim of his soaring ambition, more tears were shed on that occasion, than shouts were uttered. On the 9th of July, Lady Jane Dudley—better known by her maiden title of Lady Jane Grey—had been made acquainted with her exalted, but, as she herself (with a sad presentiment of calamity) pronounced it, her fatal destiny. Edward the Sixth had breathed his last, three days previously. His death had been kept carefully concealed by Northumberland, who hoped, by despatching false messages, to have secured the persons of the princesses Mary and Elizabeth. But intelligence of her brother's death having been communicated to the latter, she avoided the snare; and the duke, finding further dissimulation useless, resolved at once to carry his plan into execution, and proclaim his daughter-in-law queen. With this view, and accompanied by several members of the privy-council, he proceeded to Sion House, where she was then living in retirement, and announced to her that the late monarch had declared her by his letters-patent (an instrument which he had artfully obtained) his successor. Jane refused the proffered dignity, urging the prior claims of Edward's sisters; and adding, "I am not so young, nor so little read in the guiles of fortune, to suffer myself to be taken by them. If she enrich any, it is but to make them the subject of her spoil. If she raise others, it is but to pleasure herself with their ruins. What she adorned but yesterday, is to-day her pastime: and if I now permit her to adorn and crown me, I must to-morrow suffer her to crush and tear me to pieces. Nay, with what crown does she present me? A crown which has been violently and shamefully wrested from Catherine of Arragon, made more unfortunate by the punishment of Anne Boleyn, and others who wore it after her; and why then would you have me add my blood to theirs, and be the third victim from whom this fatal crown may be ravished, with the head that wears it?" In this forcible and feeling language she couched her refusal; and for some time she adhered to her resolution, until at length, her constancy being shaken by the solicitations of her relatives, and above all by the entreaties of her husband Lord Guilford Dudley, to whom she was passionately attached, she yielded a reluctant assent. On the following morning, she was



conveyed, as has been just stated, with great pomp to Durham House, in the Strand, where she received the homage of her subjects, partook of a magnificent banquet, and tarried sufficiently long to enable the duke to collect his retinue to conduct her in state to the Tower: it being then the custom for the monarchs of England to spend the first few days of their reign within this ancient fortress. It is with the moment of her departure for this palace and prison of crowned heads, that this chronicle commences.

The advanced guard of the procession was formed by a troop of halberdiers dressed in striped hose of black and tawny, velvet caps decked at the side with silver roses, and doublets of murrey and blue cloth, embroidered on the front and at the back with the royal blazon, woven in gold. Their halbert staves were covered with crimson velvet, fastened with gilt nails, and ornamented with golden tassels. Filing off on the right and left, they formed two long lines, extending from the gateway of the palace to the foot of the plank communicating with the barge nearest the shore. A thick rayed cloth was then unfolded, and laid down between them by several attendants in the sumptuous liveries of the Duke of Northumberland. This done, a flourish of trumpets resounded from within; a lively prelude arose from the musicians on the water; and two ushers with white wands marched at a slow and stately pace from the portal. They were followed by an officer bearing the mace; after whom came another carrying the sword of state; then several serjeants of the city guard, in their full accoutrements, and with badges on their sleeves; then the garter king-at-arms in his tabard; then several knights of the Bath, each having a white lace on his sleeve; then their esquires; then the judges, in their robes of scarlet and coifs; then the bishop of Ely, who, in his character of lord high chancellor, wore a robe of scarlet, open before, and purfled with minever; then the aldermen, likewise in cloaks of scarlet; the sheriffs; and, finally, the lord mayor, Sir George Beame, in a gown of crimson velvet, and wearing the collar of SS.

Sufficient time having been allowed for the embarkation of these important personages, who, with their attendants, filled several barges, another flourish of trumpets was heard, fresh symphonies resounded from the river, and the heads of the different civic companies, in their robes of state, descended and departed. Many an eye tracked their course along the river, which flamed like a sheet of molten gold beneath its glittering burthens. Many an ear listened to the measured sweep of their oars, and the softening cadences of their minstrelsy; lingering, enchanted, on the sight and sound till both faded away in the distance. Still, though a thousand pulses beat high, and a thousand hearts throbbed, not an acclamation was raised, not a cap thrown in the air, not a scarf waved. The same silence, that had prevailed during the morning, prevailed now. Queen Jane, it was evident, was not the choice of her people.



Meanwhile, two venerable persons had presented themselves on the stair-head. These were Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, and Ridley, bishop of London. They were attired in the scarlet simar, and surplice with its snowy lawn sleeves, proper to their order, and were engaged in deep converse together. The austere course of life prescribed to, and pursued by, the fathers of the Reformed Church, had stamped itself in lines of unusual severity on their countenances. Their demeanour was grave and singularly dignified, and such as well beseemed their high ecclesiastical rank. Arrived at the last step, Cranmer raised his eyes, and, after glancing around as if in expectation of some greeting from the multitude, observed to his companion, "This silence of the people likes me not, my lord: disaffection, I fear, is abroad. This is not the way in which our good citizens are wont to receive a triumph such as his Grace of Northumberland has prepared."

"Your Grace is in the right," replied Ridley. "The assemblage before whom I pronounced a solemn exhortation this morning at St. Paul's Cross,—when I proved, as I trust, satisfactorily, that Mary and Elizabeth are excluded from the succession on the score of illegitimacy,—received my discourse with murmurs of disapprobation. Vainly did I tell them if they accepted Mary they would relapse into darkness and idolatry: vainly did I enlarge on our young queen's virtues, and show them that she was prepared to carry into effect the wise ordinations of her pious predecessor. They made no answer,—but departed, as men resolved not to be convinced of their error."

"These are signs indeed of troublous times," sighed Cranmer; "and, though it is not given to us to foresee the future, I cannot but fear that a season of bitter persecution of our church is at hand. Heaven avert the day! Heaven preserve queen Jane, who will prove our surest safeguard! Had Mary ruled——"

"Had that false bigot ruled," interrupted Ridley, frowning at the idea, "your grace and I should, ere this, have changed places in the Tower with Gardiner and Bonner. But should what you fear come to pass; should evil times arise, and Rome and her abominations again prevail; should our church need a martyr, she shall find one in me."

"And in me," rejoined Cranmer, fervently.

While this was passing, twelve French gentlemen in splendid habiliments, consisting of pourpoints of white damask, barred with gold, short mantles of crimson velvet, lined with violet taffeta, and carnation-coloured hauts-de-chausses, took their way down the steps. These galliards, who formed the suite of M. Antoine de Noailles, ambassador from Henry the Second of France, were succeeded by a like number of Spanish cavaliers, the attendants of M. Simon Renard, who fulfilled the like high office for the emperor Charles the Fifth. Dressed in suits of black velvet, entirely without ornament, the Spaniards differed as much from the airy and elegant Frenchmen in gravity and reserve of manner, as in simplicity of apparel. Their leader, Simon Renard,



was as plainly attired as his followers, his sole decoration being the Toison d'Or : but of all that brilliant assemblage, perhaps there was none so likely to arrest and rivet attention as this remarkable man ; and as he is destined to play no inconsiderable part in this history, it may be worth while to take a narrower survey of his personal appearance. Somewhat above the middle height, and of a spare but muscular frame, he had a dark complexion, rendered yet more sombre in its colour from the contrast it presented to his grizzled beard and moustaches. His eye was black and flaming, his nose long and hooked, and he had a stern searching glance, which few could withstand. There was something mysterious both in his manner and character which made him universally dreaded ; and as he never forgave an offence, nor scrupled at any means of gratifying his vengeance, it was not without reason that he was feared. A subtle politician and skilful diplomatist, high in the favour of the most powerful sovereign in Europe, with apparently inexhaustible funds at his command ; inexorable in hatred, fickle in friendship, inconstant in affairs of gallantry, suspected of being mixed up in every political intrigue or conspiracy, Simon Renard had been for some time the terror and wonder of Edward's court, and had been regarded with suspicion and jealousy by Northumberland, who looked upon him as a dangerous opponent. During Edward's lifetime frequent quarrels had occurred between these two crafty statesmen ; but now, at this desperate conjuncture, the duke deemed it prudent to forget his animosity, and to conciliate his antagonist. More of a courtier, and not less of a diplomatist, but without the skill, the resolution, or the cunning of his brother ambassador, De Noailles would have been no match for Renard had they been opposed : and, indeed, his inferiority was afterwards signally manifested. But they were now united by common bonds of animosity : both were determined enemies of Northumberland—both resolved upon his overthrow, and that of the queen he had placed upon the throne.

No sooner had the ambassadors entered their barge, than withdrawing out of earshot of their attendants, they commenced a conversation in a low tone.

"How long will this farce last, think you?" inquired De Noailles, with a laugh.

"Not a day—not an hour," rejoined Simon Renard, "if these suspicious and timorous English nobles will but act in concert, and confide in me."

"Confide in *you*?" said De Noailles, smiling. "They fear you more than Northumberland."

"They will not succeed without me," returned Renard, coldly. "Mark me, De Noailles, I, Simon Renard, simple bailli of Amont in the Franche-Comté, and an unworthy representative of his Majesty Charles the Fifth, hold in my right hand the destiny of this fair land of England."

"Ha ! ha ! ha !" laughed De Noailles. "You have learnt



to rhodomontade at the court of Madrid, I perceive, Monsieur le Bailli."

"This is no rhodomontade, messire," rejoined the other, sternly; "were I to join with Northumberland and Suffolk, I could establish Jane upon the throne. Acting with the privy council, who, as you well know, are, like ourselves, the duke's secret enemies, I shall strike the sceptre from her grasp, and place it in the hand of Mary. Nay more, I will tell you that if I had not wished to ensure Northumberland's destruction, I would not have suffered him to proceed thus far. But he has now taken a step which nothing can retrieve."

"My hatred of him is as great as your own, M. Renard," observed De Noailles, gravely; "and I shall rejoice as heartily as yourself, or any of his enemies, in his downfall. But I cannot blind myself to his power. Clinton, the Lord High Admiral, his fast friend, is in possession of the Tower, which is full of armed men and ammunition. The royal treasures are in his hands; the troops, the navy, are his—and, as yet, the privy council have sanctioned all his decrees—have sworn obedience to Jane—have proclaimed Mary illegitimate, and deprived her of her inheritance."

"They shall eat their own words," replied Renard, in a sarcastic tone. "But it is time, De Noailles, to admit you to my full confidence. First, swear to me, by the holy Evangelists, that I may trust you."

"I swear it," replied De Noailles, "provided," he added, smiling, "your scheme has nothing treasonable against my liege lord, Henry the Second."

"Judge for yourself," answered Renard. "There is a plot hatching against the life of Northumberland."

"Mortdieu!" exclaimed the French ambassador; "by whom?"

"To-night you shall meet the conspirators," replied Renard.

"Their names?" demanded De Noailles.

"It matters not," answered the other; "I am their leader. Will you make one of us?"

"Willingly," rejoined the Frenchman. "But how is the duke to be put to death?"

"By the headsman," replied Simon Renard. "He shall die the death of a traitor."

"You were ever mysterious, messire," observed De Noailles, drily; "and you are now more mysterious than ever. But I will join your plot with all my heart. Pardieu! I should like to offer Northumberland's head to Queen Mary. It would be as acceptable as that of Cicero to Fulvia."

"My gift shall be yet more acceptable," rejoined Simon Renard, sternly. "I will offer her the fairest and the wisest head in England—that of Queen Jane."

During this conference, the procession had been increased by several members of the privy-council, consisting of the Earls of Arundel, Shrewsbury, Huntingdon, and Pembroke, the Lords



Cobham and Rich, with divers other noble and honourable persons, among whom Sir William Cecil, principal secretary of state, (afterwards, the great Lord Burghley,) must not pass unnoticed. Pembroke and Cecil walked together; and, in spite of their forced composure, it was evident that both were ill at ease. As a brief halt took place amongst the foremost party, Cecil seized the arm of his companion, and whispered hurriedly in his ear, "We are lost, my lord. Your messengers to the queen have been arrested; so have my trusty servants, Alford and Cayewood. Luckily, their despatches are in cipher. But Northumberland's suspicions once aroused, his vengeance will not be slow to follow. There is yet time for escape. Can we not frame some excuse for landing at your lordship's residence, Baynard's Castle? Once within the Tower, I tremble for our heads."

"My case is not so desperate as yours," returned the earl, firmly; "but were it so, I would never fly while others are left to pay the penalty of my cowardice. We have advanced too far to retreat—and, be the issue of this project what it may, I will not shrink from it. Simon Renard is leagued with us, and he alone is a match for Northumberland, or for the fiend himself, if opposed to him. Be of good cheer. The day will yet be ours."

"Were I assured of Renard's sincerity," replied Cecil, "I might, indeed, feel more confidence. But I have detected too many of his secret practices—have had too much experience of his perfidy and double-dealing, to place any faith in him."

"You wrong him," rejoined Pembroke; "by my soul you do! As we proceed, I will give you proofs that will remove all apprehensions of treachery on his part from your mind. He has proposed a plan.—But of this anon—for, see!—all, save ourselves, have entered the barge. Do you mark how suddenly the weather has changed? A thunder-storm is gathering over the Tower. 'Tis a bad omen for Northumberland."

"Or for us," rejoined Cecil, gloomily.

The sudden change in the weather, here alluded to, was remarked and commented upon by many others besides the Earl of Pembroke; and by most it was regarded as an evil augury against the young queen. The sky had become overcast; the river, lately so smiling, now reflected only the sombre clouds that overshadowed it; while heavy, leaden-coloured masses, arising in the north-east, behind the Tower, seemed to threaten a speedy and severe storm in that quarter. Alarmed by these signs, several of the more prudent spectators, who preferred a dry skin to the further indulgence of their curiosity, began to urge their barks homewards. The majority of the assemblage, however, lingered: a glimpse of a queen so beautiful as Jane was reputed, appeared to them well worth a little personal inconvenience.

Meanwhile, a loud and prolonged trumpet-blast proclaimed the approach of the Duke of Northumberland. He was accompanied by the Duke of Suffolk, the father of the queen. Nothing



more majestic can be conceived than the deportment of the former—nothing more magnificent than his attire. His features, though haughty and disdainful, with a fierce expression about the mouth and eyes, were remarkably handsome and well-formed. His figure was tall and commanding, and there was something which is generally associated with the epithets chivalrous and picturesque in his appearance. John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, who by his genius and rare abilities as a statesman had elevated himself to the lofty position which he now held, could not be less in age than fifty. But he had none of the infirmity of years about him. His forehead was bald, but that only gave expanse to his noble countenance; his step was as firm as a young man's; his eye as keen and bright as that of an eagle. He was habited in a doublet of white satin, with a placard or front-piece of purple cloth of tissue, powdered with diamonds and edged with ermine. Over this he wore a mantle of cloth of silver, pounced with his cipher, lined with blue velvet, set with pearls and precious stones, and fastened with a jewelled clasp. From his neck was suspended the order of the Garter, while in his hand he carried the silver verder belonging to his office as grand-master of the realm. The Duke of Suffolk was scarcely less magnificently arrayed, in a doublet of black cloth of gold, and a cloak of crimson satin flowered with gold, and ribanded with nets of silver. He also wore the order of the Garter. Suffolk was somewhat younger than his companion, of whom he stood, as indeed did all the other nobles, greatly in awe. He had well-formed features, a fine figure, a courtly air, and affable and conciliating manners; but though a man of unquestionable ability and courage, he wanted that discernment and active resolution which alone could have preserved him from the dangers and difficulties in which he was afterwards involved. His qualities have been admirably summed up by Holinshed, who describes him as “a man of high nobility by birth, and of nature to his friend gentle and courteous; more easy indeed to be led than was thought expedient, nevertheless stout and hardy; hasty and soon kindled, but pacified straight again, and sorry if in his heat aught had passed him otherwise than reason might seem to bear; upright and plain in his private dealings; no dissembler, nor well able to bear injuries; but yet forgiving and forgetting the same, if the party would but seem to acknowledge his fault and seek reconciliation; bountiful he was, and very liberal; somewhat learned himself, and a great favourer of those that were learned, so that to many he showed himself a very Mæcenæ; as free from covetousness, as devoid of pride and disdainful haughtiness of mind, more regarding plain-meaning men than clawback flatterers.” Such, as depicted by the honest old chronicler above-named, was Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, father of Queen Jane.

Just as the two dukes emerged from the portal, a slight commotion was heard in the outer court, and a valet, stepping



forward, made a profound reverence to Northumberland, and presented him with a paper. The duke broke the silken thread and seal with which it was fastened, and ran his eye rapidly over its contents. His brow darkened for an instant, but as speedily cleared, and a smile of fierce satisfaction played upon his lips. "Traitors!" he ejaculated in an under tone, turning to Suffolk; "but I have them now; and, by God's precious soul! they shall not escape me."

"What new treason has come to light, brother?" demanded the Duke of Suffolk, uneasily.

"Nothing new,—nothing but what I suspected. But their plots have taken a more dangerous and decided form," replied Northumberland, sternly.

"You do not name the traitors,—but you speak of the privy-council, I conclude?" observed Suffolk.

"Ay, brother, of the privy-council. They are all *my* enemies,—*your* enemies,—the *queen's* enemies. This scroll warns me that a conspiracy is forming against my life."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Suffolk. "Surely, our English nobles are not turned assassins."

"The chief mover in the dark scheme is not an Englishman," returned Northumberland.

"It cannot be the light-hearted De Noailles. Ha! I have it: it is the plotting and perfidious Simon Renard."

"Your Grace is in the right," replied Northumberland; "it is Simon Renard."

"Who are his associates?" inquired Suffolk.

"As yet I know not," answered the other; "but I have netted them all, and, like the fowler, will spare neither bird of prey nor harmless songster. I have a trick shall test the true metal from the false. What think you, brother?—a letter has arrived from Mary to this false council, claiming the crown."

"Ha!" exclaimed Suffolk.

"It is here," continued Northumberland, pointing to a paper folded round his silver staff. "I shall lay it before them anon. Before I depart, I must give orders for the proclamation. Bid the heralds come hither," he added to the attendant; who instantly departed, and returned a moment afterwards, followed by two heralds in their coats of arms. "Take this scroll," continued the duke, "and let the Queen's Highness be proclaimed by sound of trumpet at the cross at Charing, in Cheapside, and in Fleet-street. Take with you a sufficient guard, and if any murmuring ensue let the offenders be punished. Do you mark me?"

"We do, your Grace," replied the heralds, bowing. And, taking the proclamation, they departed on their behest,—while the duke, accompanied by Suffolk, entered his barge.

Preceded by two trumpeters, having their clarions richly dressed with fringed silk bandrols, displaying the royal arms; a captain of the guard, in a suit of scarlet bound with black velvet, and with a silver rose in his bonnet, next descended the



stairs, and announced, in a loud and authoritative voice, that her Highness the Queen was about to embark: an intimation, which, though received with no particular demonstration of enthusiasm or delight by the spectators, was, nevertheless, productive of considerable confusion among them. The more distant wherry-men, who had been hitherto resting tranquilly on their oars, in their anxiety to secure a better position for their fares, now pressed eagerly forward; in consequence of which many violent collisions took place; great damage was sustained by the foremost boats, some being swamped and their owners plunged in the tide; while others, bereft of their oars, were swept away by the rapid current. Amid this tumult, much struggling and scuffling occurred; shrieks and oaths were uttered; and many blows from sword, dagger, and club were dealt, and requited with the heartiest good-will. Owing, however, to the exertions of the officers, no lives were lost. The drowning persons were picked up and carried ashore; and the disputants compelled to hold their peace, and reserve the adjustment of their differences to another, and more favourable opportunity. By the time Jane appeared, all was comparatively quiet. But the incident had not tended to improve the temper of the crowd, or create a stronger feeling in her favour. Added to this, the storm seemed fast advancing and ready to burst over their heads; the sky grew darker each moment; and when a second discharge of ordnance was fired from the palace walls, and rolled sullenly along the river, it was answered by a distant peal of thunder. In spite of all these adverse circumstances, no delay occurred in the procession. A magnificent barge, with two large banners, beaten with the royal arms, planted on the foreship, approached the strand. Its sides were hung with metal scutcheons, alternately emblazoned with the cognizances of the queen and her consort; and its decks covered with the richest silks and tissues. It was attended by two smaller galleys—one of which, designated the Bachelors' barge, was appropriated to the younger sons of the nobility: the other was devoted to the maids of honour. In the latter was placed a quaint device, intended to represent a mount with a silver tree springing from it, on which was perched a dove with a circlet of diamonds around its neck, bearing an inscription in honour of the queen, and a crown upon its head. No sooner had the royal barge taken up its position, than a train of twenty gentlemen, in doublets of black velvet and with chains of gold, stepped towards it. They were followed by six pages in vests of cloth of gold; after whom came the Earl of Northampton, lord high chamberlain, bare-headed, and carrying a white wand; and after the chamberlain, appeared the Lady Herbert, younger sister of the queen, a beautiful blonde, with soft blue eyes and silken tresses, accompanied by the Lady Hastings, younger sister of Lord Guilford Dudley, a sprightly brunette, with large orient orbs, black as midnight, and a step proud as that of a Juno. Both these lovely creatures



—neither of whom had attained her fifteenth year—had been married at the end of May—then, as now, esteemed an unlucky month,—on the same day that the nuptials of the Lady Jane Grey took place. Of these three marriages there was not one but was attended with fatal consequences.

Immediately behind her sisters, with the laps of her dress supported by the bishops of Rochester and Winchester, and her train, which was of great length and corresponding magnificence, borne by her mother, the duchess of Suffolk, walked queen Jane. Whatever disinclination she might have previously shown to undertake the dangerous and difficult part she had assumed; however reluctantly she had accepted the sovereignty; nothing of misgiving or irresolution was now to be discerned. Her carriage was majestic; her look lofty, yet tempered with such sweetness, that while it commanded respect, it ensured attachment. Her attire—for the only point upon which Jane did not conform to the rigid notions of the early religious reformers was in regard to dress—was gorgeous in the extreme; and never, assuredly, was rich costume bestowed upon a more faultlessly beautiful person. Her figure was tall and slight, but exquisitely formed, and gave promise, that when she attained the full maturity of womanhood—she had only just completed her sixteenth year, and (alas!) never *did* attain maturity—her charms would be without a rival. In mental qualifications Jane was equally gifted. And, if it is to be lamented that her beauty, like an opening flower, was rudely plucked and scattered to the breezes, how much more must it be regretted, that such faculties as she possessed should have been destroyed before they were fully developed, and the fruit they might have produced lost for ever! Reared in the seclusion of Bradgate, in Leicestershire, Jane Grey passed hours which other maidens of her tender age are accustomed to devote to amusement or rest, in the severest study; and, long before she was called upon to perform the arduous duties of her brief life, she had acquired a fund of knowledge such as the profoundest scholars seldom obtain. If this store of learning did little for the world, it did much for herself:—it taught her a philosophy, that enabled her to support, with the constancy of a martyr, her after trials. At the moment of her presentation to the reader, Jane was in all the flush and excitement of her new dignity. Everything around her was dazzling and delusive; but she was neither dazzled nor deluded. She estimated her position at its true value; saw through its hollowness and unsubstantiality; and, aware that she only grasped the shadow of a sceptre, and bore the semblance of a crown, suffered neither look nor gesture to betray her emotions. Her dress consisted of a gown of cloth of gold raised with pearls, a stomacher blazing with diamonds and other precious stones, and a surcoat of purple velvet bordered with ermine. Her train was of purple velvet upon velvet, likewise furred with ermine, and embroidered with various devices in gold. Her slender and



swan-like throat was encircled with a carcanet of gold set with rubies and pearls, from which a single and almost priceless pearl depended. Her head-dress consisted of a coif of velvet of the peculiar form then in vogue, adorned with rows of pearls, and confined by a circlet of gold. At her right walked Lord Guilford Dudley—a youthful nobleman, who inherited his father's manly beauty and chivalrous look, with much of his ambition and haughtiness, but without any of his cunning and duplicity, or of his genius. He was superbly attired in white cloth of gold, and wore a collar of diamonds. Behind the queen marched a long train of high-born dames, damsels, youthful nobles, pages, knights, esquires, and ushers, until the rear-guard was brought up by a second detachment of halberdiers. Prepared as the mass of the assemblage were to evidence their dissatisfaction by silence, an involuntary burst of applause hailed her approach, and many, who thought it a sort of disloyalty to Mary to welcome a usurper, could not refuse to join in the cheers.

At the moment Jane was crossing the railed plank leading to her galley, a small wherry, rowed by a young man of slight sinewy frame, clad in a doublet of coarse brown serge, and wearing a flat felt cap, on which a white cross was stitched, shot with marvellous rapidity from out the foremost line of boats, and, in spite of all opposition, passed between the state barges, and drew up at her feet. Before the daring intruder could be removed, an old woman, seated in the stern of the boat, arose and extended her arms towards Jane. She was dressed in mean attire, with her grey locks gathered beneath an ancient three-cornered coif; but her physiognomy was striking, and her manner seemed far above her lowly condition. Fixing an imploring glance on the queen, she cried—"A boon! a boon!"

"It is granted," replied Jane, in a kind tone, and pausing. "What would you?"

"Preserve you," rejoined the old woman. "Go not to the Tower."

"And wherefore not, good dame?" inquired the queen.

"Ask me not," returned the old woman,—her figure dilating, her eye kindling, and her gesture becoming almost that of command, as she spoke,—“Ask me not; but take my warning. Again, I say—Go not to the Tower. Danger lurks therein,—danger to you—your husband—and to all you hold dear. Return, while it is yet time; return to the retirement of Sion House—to the solitudes of Bradgate.—Put off those royal robes—restore the crown to her from whom you wrested it, and a long and happy life shall be yours. But set foot within that galley—enter the gates of the Tower—and another year shall not pass over your head.”

"Guards!" cried Lord Guilford Dudley, advancing and motioning to his attendants—"remove this beldame and her companion, and place them in arrest."

"Have patience, my dear lord," said Jane, in a voice so sweet, that it was impossible to resist it—"the poor woman is distraught."



"No, lady, I am not distraught," rejoined the old woman, "though I have suffered enough to make me so."

"Can I relieve your distresses?" inquired Jane, kindly.

"In no other way than by following my caution," answered the old woman. "I want nothing but a grave."

"Who are you that dare to hold such language as this to your queen?" demanded Lord Guilford Dudley, angrily.

"I am Gunnora Braose," replied the old woman, fixing a withering glance upon him, "nurse and foster-mother to Henry Seymour, Duke of Somerset, lord protector of England, who perished on the scaffold by the foul practices of your father."

"Woman," rejoined Lord Guilford, in a menacing tone, "be warned by me. You speak at the peril of your life."

"I know it," replied Gunnora; "but that shall not hinder me. If I succeed in saving that fair young creature, whom your father's arts have placed in such fearful jeopardy, from certain destruction, I care not what becomes of me. My boldness, I am well assured, will be fearfully visited upon me, and upon my grandson at my side. But were it the last word I had to utter,—were this boy's life," she added, laying her hand on the youth's shoulder, who arose at the touch, "set against hers, I would repeat my warning."

"Remove your cap in presence of the queen, knave," cried one of the halberdiers, striking off the young man's cap with his staff.

"She is not my queen," rejoined the youth, boldly; "I am for Queen Mary, whom Heaven and Our Lady preserve!"

"Peace, Gilbert!" cried Gunnora, authoritatively.

"Treason! treason!" exclaimed several voices—"down with them!"

"Do them no injury," interposed Jane, waving her hand; "let them depart freely. Set forward, my lords."

"Hear me, sovereign lady, before I am driven from you," cried the old woman, in accents of passionate supplication—"hear me, I implore you. You are going to a prison, not a palace.—Look at yon angry sky from which the red lightning is flashing. A moment since it was bright and smiling; at your approach it has become black and overcast. It is an omen not to be despised."

"Hence!" cried Lord Guilford.

"And you, Lord Guilford Dudley," continued Gunnora, in a stern tone,—“you, who have added your voice to that of your false father, to induce your bride to accept the crown,—think not you will ever rule this kingdom,—think not the supreme authority will be yours. You are a puppet in your father's hands; and when you have served his turn, he will cast you aside—or deal with you as he dealt with Lord Seymour of Sudley,—with the lord protector, *by the axe*,—or, as he dealt with his sovereign, Edward the Sixth, *by poison*."

"This passeth all endurance," exclaimed Lord Guilford;—"away with her to prison."

"Not so, my dear lord," said Queen Jane. "See you not that



her supposed wrongs have turned her brain? She is faithful to the memory of the lord protector. If my reign prove as brief as she would have me believe it will be, it shall never be marked by severity. My first act shall be one of clemency. Take this ring, my poor woman," she added, detaching a brilliant from her taper finger, "and when you need a friend, apply to Queen Jane."

Gunnora received the costly gift with a look of speechless gratitude; the tears started to her eyes, and she sank upon her knees in the boat, burying her face in her hands. In this state, she was rowed swiftly away by her grandson, while the loudest shouts were raised for the munificence and mercy of Jane, who was not sorry to hide herself behind the silken curtains of her barge.

At this moment, a loud and rattling peal of thunder burst overhead.

Seated beneath a canopy of state, supported by the richest silken cushions, and with her tiny feet resting upon a velvet footstool, adorned with her cipher and that of her husband interwoven with love-knots, Jane proceeded along the river; her heart oppressed with fears and forebodings, to which she gave no utterance, but which the storm now raging around with frightful violence was not calculated to allay. The thunder was awfully loud; the lightning almost insupportably vivid; but fortunately for those exposed to the tempest, it was unattended with rain. Lord Guilford Dudley was unremitting in his assiduity to his lovely consort, and bitterly reproached himself for allowing her to set forth at such a season. As they approached that part of the river from which the noble old gothic cathedral of St. Paul's—one of the finest structures in the world, and destroyed, it is almost needless to say, by the Fire of London, when it was succeeded by the present pile—was best seen, Jane drew aside the curtains of her barge, and gazed with the utmost admiration upon the magnificent fane. The storm seemed to hang over its square and massive tower, and flashes of forked lightning of dazzling brightness appeared to shoot down each instant upon the body of the edifice.

"Like me, it is threatened," Jane mentally ejaculated; "and perhaps the blow that strikes me may strike also the religion of my country. Whatever betide me, Heaven grant that that noble pile may never again be polluted by the superstitious ceremonies and idolatries of Rome!"

Viewed from the Thames, London, even in our own time, presents many picturesque and beautiful points; but at the period to which this chronicle refers, it must have presented a thousand more. Then, gardens and stately palaces adorned its banks; then, the spires and towers of the churches shot into an atmosphere unpolluted by smoke; then, the houses, with their fanciful gables, and vanes, and tall twisted chimneys, invited and enchained the eye; then, the streets, of which a passing glimpse could be caught, were narrow and intricate: then, there was the sombre, dungeon-like strong-hold already alluded to,



called Baynard's Castle; the ancient tavern of the Three Cranes; the Still-yard; and above all, the Bridge, even then old, with its gateways, towers, drawbridges, houses, mills, and chapel, enshrined like a hidden and cherished faith within its inmost heart. All this has passed away. But if we have no old St. Paul's, no old London Bridge, no quaint and picturesque old fabrics, no old and frowning castles, no old taverns, no old wharfs—if we have none of these, we have still *THE TOWER*; and to that grand relic of antiquity, well worth all the rest, we shall, without further delay, proceed.

Having passed beneath the narrow arches of London Bridge, the houses on which were crowded with spectators, and the windows hung with arras and rich carpets, the royal barge drew up at the distance of a bow-shot from the Tower. Jane again drew aside the curtain, and when she beheld the sullen ramparts of the fortress over which arose its lofty citadel (the White Tower), with its weather-whitened walls relieved against the dusky sky, and looking like the spectre of departed greatness,—her firmness for an instant forsook her, and the tears involuntarily started to her eyes. But the feeling was transient; and more stirring emotions were quickly aroused by the deafening roar of ordnance which broke from the batteries, and which was instantly answered from the guns of several ships lying at anchor near them. By this time, the storm had in a great measure subsided; the thunder had become more distant, and the lightning only flashed at long intervals. Still, the sky had an ominous appearance, and the blue electric atmosphere in which the pageant was enveloped gave it a ghostly and unsubstantial look. Meanwhile, the lord mayor and his suite, the bishops, the privy council, the ambassadors, and the Dukes of Northumberland and Suffolk, having disembarked, the waster having the charge of the royal galley drew it towards the land. Another “marvellous great shot,” as it is described, was then fired, and amid flourishes of trumpets, peals of ordnance, and ringing of bells, Jane landed. Here, however, as heretofore, she was coldly received by the citizens, who hovered around in boats,—and here, as if she was destined to receive her final warning, the last sullen peal of thunder marked the moment when she set her foot on the ground. The same preparations had been made for her landing as for her embarkation. Two lines of halberdiers were drawn up alongside the platform, and between them was laid a carpet similar to that previously used. Jane walked in the same state as before,—her train supported by her mother,—and attended on her right hand by her husband, behind whom came his esquire, the young and blooming Cuthbert Cholmondeley.

Where there are so many claimants for attention, it is impossible to particularize all; and we must plead this as an apology for not introducing this gallant at an earlier period. To repair the omission, it may now be stated that Cuthbert Cholmondeley was a younger branch of an old Cheshire family; that he was accounted a perfect model of manly beauty; and that he was



attired upon the present occasion in a doublet of white satin slashed with blue, which displayed his slight but symmetrical figure to the greatest advantage.

Proceeding along the platform by the side of a low wall which guarded the southern moat, Jane passed under a narrow archway formed by a small embattled tower connected with an external range of walls facing Petty Wales. She next traversed part of the space between what was then called the Bulwark Gate and the Lion's Gate, and which was filled with armed men, and passing through the postern, crossed a narrow stone bridge. This brought her to a strong portal, flanked with bastions and defended by a double portcullis, at that time designated the Middle Tower. Here Lord Clinton, Constable of the Tower, with the lieutenant, the gentleman porter, and a company of warders, advanced to meet her. By them she was conducted with much ceremony over another stone bridge, with a draw-bridge in the centre, crossing the larger moat, to a second strong barbican, similarly defended and in all other respects resembling the first, denominated the Gate Tower. As she approached this portal, she beheld through its gothic arch a large assemblage, consisting of all the principal persons who had assisted at the previous ceremonial, drawn up to receive her. As soon as she emerged from the gateway with her retinue, the members of the council bent the knee before her. The Duke of Northumberland offered her the keys of the Tower, while the Marquess of Winchester, lord treasurer, tendered her the crown. At this proud moment, all Jane's fears were forgotten, and she felt herself in reality a queen. At this moment, also, her enemies, Simon Renard and De Noailles, resolved upon her destruction. At this moment, Cuthbert Cholmondeley, who was placed a little to the left of the queen, discovered amid the by-standers behind one of the warders a face so exquisitely beautiful, and a pair of eyes of such witchery, that his heart was instantly captivated; and at this moment, also, another pair of very jealous-looking eyes, peering out of a window in the tower adjoining the gateway, detected what was passing between the youthful couple below, and inflamed their owner with a fierce and burning desire of revenge.

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II.—OF THE INDIGNITY SHOWN TO THE PRIVY COUNCIL BY THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND; AND OF THE RESOLUTION TAKEN BY SIMON RENARD TO AVENGE THEM.

WHEN the ceremonial at the Tower gate was ended, Queen Jane was conducted by the Duke of Northumberland to an ancient range of buildings, standing at the south-east of the fortress, between the Lanthorn Tower, now swept away, and the Salt Tower. This structure, which has long since disappeared, formed the palace of the old monarchs of England,



and contained the royal apartments. Towards it Jane proceeded between closely-serried ranks of archers and arquebusiers, armed with long-bows and calivers. The whole line of fortifications, as she passed along, bristled with partizans and pikes. The battlements and turrets of St. Thomas's Tower, beneath which yawned the broad black arch spanning the Traitor's Gate, was planted with culverins and sakers; while a glimpse through the grim portal of the Bloody Tower,—which, with its iron teeth, seemed ever ready to swallow up the victims brought through the fatal gate opposite it,—showed that the vast area and green in front of the White Tower was filled with troops. All these defensive preparations, ostentatiously displayed by Northumberland, produced much of the effect he desired upon the more timorous of his adversaries. There were others, however, who regarded the exhibition as an evidence of weakness, rather than power; and amongst these was Simon Renard. "Our duke, I see," he remarked to his companion, De Noailles, "fears Mary more than he would have us believe. The crown that requires so much guarding cannot be very secure. Ah! well, he has entered the Tower by the great gate to-day; but if he ever quits it," he added, glancing significantly at the dark opening of Traitor's Gate, which they were then passing, "his next entrance shall be by yonder steps."

Jane, meanwhile, had approached the ancient palace with her train. Its arched gothic doorway was guarded by three gigantic warders, brothers, who, claiming direct descent from the late monarch, Harry the Eighth, were nicknamed by their companions, from their extraordinary stature, Og, Gog, and Magog. Og, the eldest of the three, was the exact image, on a large scale, of his royal sire. By their side, as if for the sake of contrast, with an immense halbert in his hand, and a look of swelling importance, rivalling that of the frog in the fable, stood a diminutive but full-grown being, not two feet high, dressed in the garb of a page. This mannikin, who, besides his pigmy figure, had a malicious and ill-favoured countenance, with a shock head of yellow hair, was a constant attendant upon the giants, and an endless source of diversion to them. Xit—for so was the dwarf named—had been found, when an infant, and scarcely bigger than a thumb, one morning at Og's door, where he was placed in the fragment of a blanket, probably out of ridicule. Thrown thus upon his compassion, the good-humoured giant adopted the tiny foundling, and he became, as has been stated, a constant attendant and playmate—or, more properly, plaything—of himself and his brethren. Unable to repress a smile at the ludicrous dignity of the dwarf, who, advancing a few steps towards her, made her a profound salutation as she passed, and bade her welcome in a voice as shrill as a child's treble; nor less struck with the herculean frames and huge stature of his companions,—they were all nearly eight feet high, though Magog exceeded his brethren by an inch;—Jane ascended a magnificent oaken staircase, traversed a long gallery,



and entered a spacious but gloomy-looking hall, lighted by narrow gothic windows filled with stained glass, and hung with tarnished cloth of gold curtains and faded arras. The furniture was cumbersome, though splendid,—much of it belonging to the period of Henry the Seventh, though some of it dated as far back as the reign of Edward the Third, when John of France was detained a prisoner within the Tower, and feasted by his royal captor within this very chamber. The walls being of great thickness, the windows had deep embrasures, and around the upper part of the room ran a gallery. It was in precisely the same state as when occupied by Henry the Eighth, whose portrait, painted by Holbein, was placed over the immense chimney-piece; and as Jane gazed around, and thought how many monarchs had entered this room before her full of hope and confidence,—how with all their greatness they had passed away,—she became so powerfully affected, that she trembled, and could with difficulty support herself. Remarking her change of colour, and conjecturing the cause, Northumberland begged her to retire for a short time to repose herself before she proceeded to the council-chamber within the White Tower, where her presence was required on business of the utmost moment. Gladly availing herself of the suggestion, Jane, attended by her mother and her dames of honour, withdrew into an inner chamber. On her departure, several of the privy-councillors advanced towards the duke, but, after returning brief answers to their questions, in a tone calculated to cut short any attempt at conversation, he motioned towards him two ushers, and despatched them on different errands. He then turned to the Duke of Suffolk, who was standing by his side, and was soon engaged in deep and earnest discourse with him. Aware that they were suspected, and alarmed for their safety, the conspiring nobles took counsel together as to the course they should pursue. Some were for openly defying Northumberland,—some for a speedy retreat,—some for the abandonment of their project,—while others, more confident, affirmed that the Duke would not dare to take any severe measures, and, therefore, there was no ground for apprehension. Amid these conflicting opinions, Simon Renard maintained his accustomed composure. “It is plain,” he said to the group around him, “that the Duke’s suspicions are awakened, and that he meditates some reprisal. What it is will presently be seen. But trust in me, and you shall yet wear your heads upon your shoulders.”

At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, the Queen, who had been summoned by Lord Guilford Dudley, reappeared. The great door was then instantly thrown open by two officials with white wands, and, attended by Northumberland, to whom she gave her hand, traversing a second long gallery, she descended a broad flight of steps, and entered upon another range of buildings, which has since shared the fate of the old palace, but which then, extending in a northerly direction, and flanked on the right by a fortification denominated the Wardrobe Tower, connected the



royal apartments with the White Tower. Taking her way through various halls, chambers, and passages in this pile, Jane, at length, arrived at the foot of a wide stone staircase, on mounting which she found herself in a large and lofty chamber, with a massive roof crossed and supported by ponderous beams of timber. This room, which was situated within the White Tower, and which Jane was apprised adjoined the council-chamber, was filled with armed men. Smiling at this formidable assemblage, Northumberland directed the Queen towards a circular-arched opening in the wall on the right, and led her into a narrow vaulted gallery formed in the thickness of the wall. A few steps brought them to another narrow gallery, branching off on the left, along which they proceeded. Arrived at a wide opening in the wall, a thick curtain was then drawn aside by two attendants, and Jane was ushered into the council-chamber. The sight which met her gaze was magnificent beyond description. The vast hall, resembling in all respects the antechamber she had just quitted, except that it was infinitely more spacious, with its massive roof hung with banners and its wooden pillars decorated with velvet and tapestry, was crowded to excess with all the principal persons and their attendants who had formed her retinue in her passage along the river, grouped according to their respective ranks. At the upper end of the chamber, beneath a golden canopy, was placed the throne; on the right of which stood the members of the privy-council, and on the left the bishops. Opposite to the throne, at the lower extremity of the room, the walls were hung with a thick curtain of black velvet, on which was displayed a large silver scutcheon charged with the royal blason. Before this curtain was drawn up a line of arquebusiers, each with a caliver upon his shoulder.

No sooner was the Queen seated, than Northumberland, who had placed himself at the foot of the throne, prostrated himself, and besought her permission to lay before the lords of the council a despatch, just received from the Lady Mary; which being accorded, he arose, and, turning towards them, unfolded a paper, and addressed them in a stern tone as follows:—"My lords," he began, "it will scarcely surprise you to be informed that the Lady Mary, in the letter I here hold, given under her signet, and dated from Kenninghall in Norfolk, lays claim to the imperial crown of this realm, and requires and charges you, of your allegiance, which you owe to her, and to none other,—it is so written, my lords,—to employ yourselves for the honour and surety of her person only; and furthermore, to cause her right and title to the crown and government of the realm to be proclaimed within the city of London and other places, as to your wisdoms shall seem good. Now, my lords, what say you? What answer will you make to these insolent demands—to these idle and imaginary claims?"

"None whatever," replied the Earl of Pembroke; "we will treat them with the scorn they merit."



"That may not be, my lord," observed Queen Jane; "your silence will be misconstrued."

"Ay, marry will it," rejoined Northumberland, glancing fiercely at the Earl: "and your advice, my lord of Pembroke, savours strongly of disloyalty. I will tell you how you shall answer this misguided lady. You shall advertise her, firstly, that on the death of our sovereign lord, Edward the Sixth, Queen Jane became invested and possessed with the just and right title in the imperial crown of this realm, not only by good order of ancient laws, but also by our late sovereign lord's letters patent, signed with his own hand, and sealed with the great seal of England, in presence of the most part of the nobles, councillors, judges, and divers other grave and sage personages, assenting to and subscribing the same. You shall next tell her, that having sworn allegiance to Queen Jane, you can offer it to no other, except you would fall into grievous and unspeakable enormities. You shall also remind her, that by the divorce made between the king of famous memory, King Henry the Eighth, and the lady Catherine her mother, confirmed by sundry acts of parliament yet in force, she was justly made illegitimate and unhereditary to the crown of this realm. And lastly, you shall require her to surcease, by any pretence, to vex and molest our sovereign lady Queen Jane, or her subjects from their true faith and allegiance unto her grace. This, my lords, is the answer you shall return."

"We will consider of it," cried several voices.

"Your decision must be speedy," returned the Duke, scornfully; "a messenger waits without, to convey your reply to the Lady Mary. And to spare your lordships any trouble in penning the despatch, I have already prepared it."

"Prepared it!" ejaculated Cecil.

"Ay, prepared it," repeated the Duke. "It is here," he added, producing a parchment, "fairly enough written, and only lacking your lordships' signatures. Will it please you, Sir William Cecil, or you, my lord of Pembroke, or you, Shrewsbury, to cast an eye over it, to see whether it differs in aught from what I have counselled as a fitting answer to Mary's insolent message? You are silent: then, I may conclude you are satisfied."

"Your grace concludes more than you have warrant for," rejoined the Earl of Pembroke; "I am *not* satisfied, nor will I subscribe that letter."

"Nor I," added Cecil.

"Nor I," repeated several others.

"We shall see," returned Northumberland: "bring pen and ink," he added, motioning to an attendant, by whom his commands were instantly obeyed. "Your grace of Canterbury," he continued, addressing Cranmer, "will sign it first. 'Tis well. And now, my lord Marquess of Winchester, your signature; my lord Bedford, yours; now yours, Northampton; yours, my lord chancellor; next, I shall attach my own; and now yours, brother



of Suffolk. You see, my lords," he said, with a bitter smile, "you will be well kept in countenance."

While this was passing, Simon Renard, who stood among the throng of privy-councillors, observed in a whisper to those nearest him,—“If this despatch is signed and sent forth, Mary's hopes are ruined. She will suspect some treachery on the part of her friends, and immediately embark for France, which is what Northumberland desires to accomplish.”

“His scheme shall be defeated, then,” replied Pembroke; “it never shall be signed.”

“Be not too sure of that,” rejoined Renard, with a scarcely-repressed sneer.

“And now, my lord of Arundel,” said the Duke, taking the document from Suffolk, “we tarry for your signature.”

“Then your grace must tarry still longer,” replied Arundel, sullenly, “for I am in no mood to furnish it.”

“Ha!” exclaimed Northumberland, fiercely,—but, instantly checking himself, he turned to the next peer, and continued: “I will pass on, then, to you, Lord Shrewsbury. I am assured of *your* loyalty. What! do you, too, desert your queen? God's mercy! my lord, I have been strangely mistaken in you. Pembroke, you can now prove I was in error. You fold your arms—'tis well! I understand you. Rich, Huntingdon, Darcy, I appeal to you. My lords! my lords! you forget to whom you owe allegiance. Sir Thomas Cheney,—do you not hear me speak to you, Sir Thomas? Cecil, my politic, crafty Cecil,—a few strokes of your pen is all I ask, and those you refuse me. Gates, Petre, Cheke,—will none of you move? will none sign?”

“None,” answered Pembroke.

“It is false,” cried Northumberland, imperiously; “you shall *all* sign,—*all*! vile, perjured traitors that you are! I will have your hands to this paper, or, by God's precious soul! I will seal it with your blood. Now, will you obey me?”

There was a stern, deep silence.

“Will you obey him?” demanded Renard, in a mocking whisper.

“No!” answered Pembroke, fiercely.

“Guards!” cried Northumberland, “advance, and attach their persons.”

The command was instantly obeyed by the arquebusiers, who marched forward and surrounded them.

Jane fixed an inquiring look upon Northumberland, but she spoke not.

“What next?” demanded Pembroke, in a loud voice.

“The block,” replied Northumberland.

“The block!” exclaimed Jane, rising, while the colour forsook her cheek. “Oh! no, my lord,—no.”

“But I say yea,” returned the Duke, peremptorily. “Fore Heaven! these rebellious lords think I am as fearful of shedding blood as they are of shedding ink. But they shall find they are mistaken. Away with them to instant execution.”

“Your grace cannot mean this!” cried Jane, horror-stricken.



"They shall have five minutes for reflection," returned the Duke, sternly. "After that time, nothing shall save them."

An earnest consultation was held among the council. Three minutes had expired. The Duke beckoned a sergeant of the guard towards him.

"You had better sign," whispered Simon Renard; "I will find some means of communicating with her highness."

"We have reflected," cried the Earl of Pembroke, "and will do your grace's behests."

"It is well," answered Northumberland. "Set them free."

As soon as the guard had withdrawn, the council advanced, and each, in turn, according to his degree, subscribed the despatch. This done, Northumberland delivered it to an officer, enjoining him to give it instantly to the messenger, with orders to the latter to ride for his life, and not to draw bridle till he reached Kenninghall.

"And now," continued the Duke, addressing another officer, "let the gates of the Tower be closed, the drawbridges raised, and suffer none to go forth, on pain of death, without my written order."

"Diable!" exclaimed De Noailles, shrugging his shoulders.

"Prisoners!" cried several of the privy-councillors.

"You are the queen's guests, my lords," observed the Duke, drily.

"Do you agree to my scheme now?" asked Renard, in a deep whisper. "Do you consent to Northumberland's assassination?"

"I do," replied Pembroke. "But who will strike the blow?"

"I will find the man," answered Renard.

These words, though uttered under the breath of the speakers, reached the ears of Cuthbert Cholmondeley.

Shortly afterwards, the council broke up; and Jane was conducted with much state to the royal apartments.

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III.—OF THE THREE GIANTS OF THE TOWER, OG, GOG, AND MAGOG; OF XIT, THE DWARF; OF THE FAIR CICELY; OF PETER TRUSBUT, THE PANTLER, AND POTENTIA HIS WIFE; OF HAIRUN THE BEARWARD, RIBALD THE WARDER, MAUGER THE HEADSMAN, AND NIGHTGALL THE JAILOR: AND OF THE PLEASANT PASTIME HELD IN THE STONE KITCHEN.

CUTHBERT CHOLMONDELEY, it may be remembered, was greatly struck by a beautiful damsel whom he discovered among the crowd during the ceremonial at the Gate Tower; and, as faithful chroniclers, we are bound to state that the impression was mutual, and that if he was charmed with the lady, she was not less pleased with him. Notwithstanding her downcast looks, the young esquire was not so inexperienced in feminine arts as to be unconscious of the conquest he had made. During the halt at the gate, he never withdrew his eyes from her for a single moment, and when he was reluctantly compelled to move forward with the procession, he cast many a lingering look behind. As



the distance lengthened between them, the courage of the damsel seemed to revive; she raised her head, and before her admirer had reached the extremity of the lofty wall masking the lieutenant's lodgings, he perceived her gazing fixedly after him. She held by the hand a little curly-haired boy, whom Cholmondeley concluded must be her brother,—and he was perplexing himself as to her rank,—for though her beauty was of the highest order, and her lineaments such as might well belong to one of high birth, her attire seemed to bespeak her of no exalted condition,—when an incident occurred, which changed the tenor of his thoughts, and occasioned him not a little uneasiness. While she remained with her eyes fixed upon him, a tall man in a dark dress rushed, with furious gestures and an inflamed countenance, out of the gateway leading to the inner line of fortifications on the left, and shaking his hand menacingly at the esquire, forced her away. Cholmondeley saw her no more; but the imploring look which she threw at him as she disappeared, produced so powerful an effect upon his feelings that it was with difficulty he could prevent himself from flying to her assistance. So absorbed was he by this idea, that he could think of nothing else;—the pageant, at which he was assisting, lost all interest for him, and amid the throng of court beauties who surrounded him, he beheld only the tender blue eyes, the light satin tresses, the ravishing countenance, and sylph-like person of the unknown maiden. Nor could he exclude from his recollection the figure of the tall dark man; and he vainly questioned himself as to the tie subsisting between him and the damsel. Could he be her father?—Though his age might well allow of such a supposition, there was no family resemblance to warrant it. Her husband?—that he was scarcely disposed to admit. Her lover?—he trembled with jealous rage at the idea. In this perplexity, he bethought himself of applying for information to one of the warders; and, accordingly, he addressed himself to Magog, who, with Xit, happened to be standing near him. Describing the damsel, he inquired of the giant whether he knew anything of her.

“Know her!” rejoined Magog, “ay, marry, do I. Who that dwells within this fortress knows not fair Mistress Cicely, the Rose of the Tower, as she is called? She is daughter to Dame Prudentia Trusbut, wife of Peter the pantler”—

“A cook's daughter!” exclaimed Cholmondeley, all his dreams of high-born beauty vanishing at once.

“Nay, I ought rather to say,” returned the giant, noticing the young man's look of blank disappointment, and guessing the cause, “that she *passes* for his daughter.”

“I breathe again,” murmured Cholmondeley.

“Her real birth is a mystery,” continued Magog; “or, if the secret is known at all, it is only to the worthy pair who have adopted her. She is said to be the offspring of some illustrious and ill-fated lady, who was imprisoned within the Tower, and died in one of its dungeons, after giving birth to a female child, during the reign of our famous king, Harry the Eighth,” and he



reverently doffed his bonnet as he pronounced his sire's name ; " but I know nothing of the truth or falsity of the story, and merely repeat it because you seem curious about her."

" Your intelligence delights me," replied Cholmondeley, placing a noble in his hand. " Can you bring me where I can obtain further sight of her ?"

" Ay, and speech too, worshipful sir, if you desire it," replied the giant, a smile illuminating his ample features. " When the evening banquet is over, and my attendance at the palace is no longer required, I shall repair to the Stone Kitchen at Master Trusbut's dwelling, where a supper is provided for certain of the warders and other officers of the Tower, to which I and my brethren are invited, and if it please you to accompany us, you are almost certain to behold her."

Cholmondeley eagerly embraced the offer, and it was next arranged that the dwarf should summon him at the proper time.

" If your worship requires a faithful emissary to convey a letter or token to the fair damsel," interposed Xit, " I will undertake the office."

" Fail not to acquaint me when your master is ready," replied Cholmondeley, " and I will reward you. There is one question," he continued, addressing Magog, " which I have omitted to ask.—Who is the tall dark man who seems to exercise such strange control over her? Can it be her adoptive father, the pantler?"

" Of a surety no," replied the giant, grinning, " Peter Trusbut is neither a tall man nor a dark ; but is short, plump, and rosy, as beseems his office. The person to whom your worship alludes must be Master Lawrence Nightgall, the chief jailor, who lately paid his suit to her. He is of a jealous and revengeful temper, and is not unlikely to take it in dudgeon that a handsome gallant should set eyes upon the object of his affections."

" Your description answers exactly to the man I mean," returned Cholmondeley, gravely.

" Shall I bear a cartel to him from your worship?" said Xit. " Or, if you require a guard, I will attend upon your person," he added, tapping the pommel of his sword.

" I do not require your services in either capacity, as yet, valiant sir," replied the esquire, smiling. " After the banquet I shall expect you."

Resuming his place near Lord Guilford Dudley, Cholmondeley shortly afterwards proceeded with the royal cortége to the council-chamber, where, being deeply interested by Northumberland's address to the conspiring lords, he for an instant forgot the object nearest his heart. But the next, it returned with greater force than ever ; and he was picturing to himself the surprise, and, as he fondly hoped, the delight, he should occasion her by presenting himself at her dwelling, when Simon Renard's dark proposal to the Earl of Pembroke reached his ear. Anxious to convey the important information he had thus obtained to his master, as soon as possible, he endeavoured to approach him, but at this moment the council broke up, and the whole train returned to



the palace. During the banquet that followed, no opportunity for an instant's private conference occurred—the signal for the separation of the guests being the departure of the Queen and her consort. While he was considering within himself what course he had best pursue, he felt his mantle slightly plucked behind, and, turning at the touch, beheld the dwarf.

“My master, the giant Magog, awaits you without, worshipful sir,” said Xit, with a profound reverence.

○ Weighing his sense of duty against his love, he found the latter feeling too strong to be resisted. Contenting himself, therefore, with tracing a hasty line of caution upon a leaf torn from his tablets, he secured it with a silken thread, and delivering it to an attendant, commanded him instantly to take it to the Lord Guilford Dudley. The man departed, and Cholmondeley, putting himself under the guidance of the dwarf, followed him to the great stairs, down which he strutted with a most consequential air, his long rapier clanking at each step he took. Arrived at the portal, the young esquire found the three giants, who had just been relieved from further attendance by another detachment of warders, and, accompanied by them, proceeded along the ward in the direction of the Gate-Tower. Sentinels, he perceived, were placed at ten paces' distance from each other along the ramparts; and the guards on the turrets, he understood from his companions, were doubled. On reaching the Gate-Tower, they found a crowd of persons, some of whom, on presenting passes from the Duke of Northumberland, were allowed to go forth; while others, not thus provided, were peremptorily refused. While the giants paused for a moment to contemplate this novel scene, an officer advanced from the barbican and acquainted the keepers of the inner portal that a prisoner was about to be brought in. At this intelligence, a wicket was opened, and two heralds, followed by a band of halberdiers, amidst whom walked the prisoner, stepped through it. Torches were then lighted by some of the warders, to enable them to discern the features of the latter, when it appeared, from his ghastly looks, his blood-stained apparel, and his hair, which was closely matted to his head by the ruddy stream that flowed from it, that some severe punishment had been recently inflicted upon him. He was a young man of nineteen or twenty, habited in a coarse dress of brown serge, of a slight but well-proportioned figure, and handsome features, though now distorted with pain and sullied with blood, and was instantly recognised by Cholmondeley as the individual who had rowed Gunnora Braose towards the Queen. On making the discovery, Cholmondeley instantly demanded, in a stern tone, of the heralds, how they had dared, in direct opposition to their sovereign's injunctions, to punish an offender whom she had pardoned.

○ “We have the Duke of Northumberland's authority for what we have done,” replied the foremost herald, sullenly; “that is sufficient for us.”

○ “The punishment we have inflicted is wholly disproportioned



to the villain's offence, which is little short of high treason," observed the other. "When we proclaimed the Queen's Highness at Cheapside, the audacious knave mounted a wall, flung his cap into the air, and shouted for Queen Mary. For this we set him in the pillory, and nailed his head to the wood; and he may think himself fortunate if he loseth it not as well as his ears, which have been cut off by the hangman."

"Ungrateful wretch!" cried Cholmondeley, addressing the prisoner, his former commiseration being now changed to anger; "is it thus you requite the bounty of your Queen?"

"I will never acknowledge a usurper," returned Gilbert, firmly.

"Peace!" cried the esquire; "your rashness will destroy you."

"It may so," retorted Gilbert, boldly; "but while I have a tongue to wag, it shall clamour for Queen Mary."

"Where are you going to bestow the prisoner?" inquired Gog from the foremost herald.

"In the guard-room," replied the man, "or some other place of security, till we learn his grace's pleasure."

"Bring him to the Stone Kitchen, then," returned Gog. "He will be as safe there as anywhere else, and you will be none the worse for a can of good liquor, and a slice of one of Dame Trusbut's notable pasties."



THE STONE KITCHEN.

"Agreed;" rejoined the heralds, smiling; "bring him along."

While this was passing, Cholmondeley, whose impatience could brook no further delay, entreated Magog to conduct him at once to the habitation of the fair Cicely. Informing him that it was close at hand, the giant opened a small postern on the left of the gateway leading to the western line of fortifications, and ascending a short spiral staircase, ushered his companion into a chamber, which, to this day, retains its name of the Stone Kitchen. It was a low, large room, with the ceiling supported



by heavy rafters, and the floor paved with stone. The walls were covered with shelves, displaying a goodly assortment of pewter and wooden platters, dishes and drinking-vessels; the fire-place was wide enough to admit of a whole ox being roasted within its limits; the chimney-piece advanced several yards into the room, while beneath its comfortable shelter were placed a couple of benches on either side of the hearth, on which a heap of logs was now crackling. Amid the pungent smoke arising from the wood could be discerned, through the vast aperture of the chimney, sundry hams, gammons, dried tongues, and other savoury meats, holding forth a prospect of future good cheer. At a table running across the room, and furnished with flagons and pots of wine, several boon companions were seated. The chief of these was a jovial-looking warder who appeared to be the life and soul of the party, and who had a laugh, a joke, or the snatch of a song, for every occasion. Opposite to him sat Peter Trusbut, the pantler, who roared at every fresh witticism uttered by his guest till the tears ran down his cheeks. Nor did the warder appear to be less of a favourite with Dame Potentia, a stout buxom personage, a little on the wrong side of fifty, but not without some remains of comeliness. She kept his glass constantly filled with the best wine, and his plate as constantly supplied with the choicest viands, so that, what with eating, drinking, singing, and a little sly love-making to Dame Trusbut, Ribald, for so was the warder named, was pretty well employed. At the lower end of the table was placed a savage-looking person, with red blood-shot eyes and a cadaverous countenance. This was Manger, the headsman. He was engaged in earnest conversation with Master Hairun, the bearward, assistant-keeper of the lions,—an office, at that time, of some consequence and emolument. In the ingle nook was ensconced a venerable old man with a snowy beard descending to his knees, who remained with his eyes fixed vacantly upon the blazing embers. Seated on a stool near the hearth, was a little boy playing with a dog, whom Cholmondeley perceived at once was Cicely's companion; while the adjoining chair was occupied by the fair creature of whom the enamoured esquire was in search. Pausing at the doorway, he lingered for a moment to contemplate her charms. A slight shade of sadness clouded her brow—her eyes were fixed upon the ground, and she now and then uttered a half-repressed sigh. At this juncture, the jolly-looking warder struck up a Bacchanalian stave, the words of which ran as follows:—

With my back to the fire and my paunch to the table,  
 Let me eat,—let me drink as long as I am able:  
 Let me eat,—let me drink whate'er I set my whims on,  
 Until my nose is blue, and my jolly visage crimson.

The doctor preaches abstinence, and threatens me with dropsy,  
 But such advice, I needn't say, from drinking never stops ye:—  
 The man who likes good liquor is of nature brisk and brave, boys,  
 So drink away!—drink while you may!—there's no drinking in the grave, boys!

“Well sung, my roystering Ribald,” cried Magog, striding up to him, and delivering him a sounding blow on the back—“thou



art ever merry, and hast the most melodious voice and the lustiest lungs of any man within the Tower."

"And thou hast the heaviest hand I ever felt on my shoulder, gigantic Magog," replied Ribald; "so we are even. But come, pledge me in a brimmer, and we will toss off a lusty measure to the health of our sovereign lady, Queen Jane. What say you, Master Trusbut?—and you, good Hairun—and you, most melancholic Manger, a cup of claret will bring the colour to your cheeks. A pot of wine, good dame, to drink the Queen's health in. But whom have we yonder? Is that gallant thy companion, redoubted Magog?"

The giant nodded an affirmative.

"By my faith he is a well-looking youth," said Ribald—"but he seems to have eyes for no one excepting fair Mistress Cicely."

Aroused by this remark, the young damsel looked up and beheld the passionate gaze of Cholmondeley fixed upon her. She started, trembled, and endeavoured to hide her confusion by industriously pursuing her occupation of netting. But in spite of her efforts to restrain herself, she could not help stealing a side-long glance at him; and emboldened by this slight encouragement, Cholmondeley ventured to advance towards her. It is scarcely necessary to detail the common-place gallantries which the youth addressed to her, or the monosyllabic answers which she returned to them. The language of love is best expressed by the look which accompanies the word, and the tone in which that word is uttered; and this language, though as yet neither party was much skilled in it, appeared perfectly intelligible to both of them. Satisfied, at length, that she was not insensible to his suit, Cholmondeley drew nearer, and bending his head towards her, poured the most passionate protestations in her ear. What answer she made, if she made answer at all to these ardent addresses, we know not, but her heightened complexion and heaving bosom told that she was by no means insensible to them. Meanwhile, Og and Gog, together with the heralds and one or two men-at-arms, had entered the chamber with the prisoner. Much bustle ensued, and Dame Potentia was so much occupied with the new-comers and their wants, that she had little time to bestow upon her adoptive daughter. It is true that she thought the handsome stranger more attentive than was needful, or than she judged discreet; and she determined to take the earliest opportunity of putting a stop to the flirtation—but, just then, it happened that her hands were too full to allow her to attend to minor matters. As to Peter Trusbut, he was so much entertained with the pleasantries of his friend Ribald—and so full of the banquet he had provided for the Queen, the principal dishes of which he recapitulated for the benefit of his guests, that he saw nothing whatever that was passing between the young couple. Not so a gloomy-looking personage shrouded behind the angle of the chimney, who, with his hand upon his dagger, bent eagerly forward to catch their lightest whisper. Two other mysterious



individuals had also entered the room, and stationed themselves near the doorway. As soon as Dame Trusbut had provided for the wants of her numerous guests, she turned her attention to the prisoner, who had excited her compassion, and who sat with his arms folded upon his breast, preserving the same resolute demeanour he had maintained throughout. Proffering her services to the sufferer, she bade her attendant, Agatha, bring a bowl of water to bathe his wounds, and a fold of linen to bind round his head. At this moment, Xit, the dwarf, who was by no means pleased with the unimportant part he was compelled to play, bethought him of an expedient to attract attention. Borrowing from the herald the scroll of the proclamation, he mounted upon Og's shoulders, and begged him to convey him to the centre of the room, that he might read it aloud to the assemblage, and approve their loyalty. The good-humoured giant complied. Supporting the mannikin with his left hand, and placing his large two-handed sword over his right shoulder, he walked forward, while the dwarf screamed forth the following preamble to the proclamation:—*“Jane, by the grace of God Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and of the Church of England, and also of Ireland, under Christ on earth the supreme head. To all our loving, faithful, and obedient, and to every of them, greeting.”* Here he paused to shout and wave his cap, while the herald, who had followed them, to humour the joke raised his embroidered trumpet to his lips, and blew a blast so loud and shrill, that the very rafters shook with it. To this clamour Og added his stunning laughter, while his brethren, who were leaning over a screen behind, and highly diverted with the incident, joined in lusty chorus. Almost deafened by the noise, Dame Trusbut, by way of putting an end to it, raised her own voice to its utmost pitch, and threatened to turn Xit, whom she looked upon as the principal cause of the disturbance, out of the house. Unfortunately, in her anger, she forgot that she was engaged in dressing the prisoner's wounds, and while her left hand was shaken menacingly at the dwarf, her right convulsively grasped the poor fellow's head, occasioning him such exquisite pain, that he added his outcries to the general uproar. The more Dame Trusbut scolded, the more Og and his brethren laughed, and the louder the herald blew his trumpet—so that it seemed as if there was no likelihood of tranquillity being speedily restored—nor, in all probability would it have been so without the ejection of the dwarf, had it not been for the interference of Ribald, who at length, partly by cajolery, and partly by coercion, succeeded in pacifying the angry dame. During this tumult, the two mysterious personages, who, it has been stated, had planted themselves at the doorway, approached the young couple unobserved, and one of them, after narrowly observing the features of the young man, observed in an under-tone to his companion, “It is Cuthbert Cholmondeley—You doubted me, my lord Pembroke, but I was



assured it was Lord Guilford's favourite esquire, who had conveyed the note to his master, warning him of our scheme."

"You are right, M. Simon Renard," replied the earl. "I bow to your superior discernment."

"The young man is in possession of our secret," rejoined Renard, "and though we have intercepted the missive, he may yet betray us. He must not return to the palace."

"He never *shall* return, my lords," said a tall dark man, advancing towards them, "if you will entrust his detention to me."

"Who are you?" demanded Renard, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Lawrence Nightgall, the chief jailor of the Tower."

"What is your motive for this offer?" pursued Renard.

"Look there!" returned Nightgall. "I love that damsel."

"I see;" replied Renard, smiling bitterly. "He has supplanted you."

"He has," rejoined Nightgall; "but he shall not live to profit by his good fortune."

"Hum!" said Renard, glancing at Cicely, "the damsel is lovely enough to ruin a man's soul. We will trust you."

"Follow me, then, without, my lords," replied Nightgall, "and I will convey him where he shall not cause further uneasiness to any of us. We have dungeons within the Tower, from which those who enter them seldom return."

"You are acquainted, no doubt, with the secret passages of the White Tower, friend?" asked Renard.

"With all of them," rejoined Nightgall. "I know every subterranean communication—every labyrinth—every hidden recess within the walls of the fortress, and there are many such—and can conduct you wherever you desire."

"You are the very man I want," cried Renard, rubbing his hands, gleefully. "Lead on."

And the trio quitted the chamber, without their departure being noticed.

Half an hour afterwards, as Cuthbert Cholmondeley issued from the postern with a heart elate with rapture at having elicited from the fair Cicely a confession that she loved him, he received a severe blow on the head from behind, and before he could utter a single outcry, he was gagged, and forced away by his assailants.

#### IV.—OF THE MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE THAT HAPPENED TO QUEEN JANE IN SAINT JOHN'S CHAPEL IN THE WHITE TOWER.

ON that night Lord Guilford Dudley was summoned to a secret council by his father, the Duke of Northumberland, and as he had not returned at midnight, the Lady Hastings, who was in attendance upon the Queen, proposed that, to while away the time, they should pay a visit to St. John's Chapel in the White Tower, of the extreme beauty of which they had all heard, though none of them had seen it. Jane assented to the proposal, and



accompanied by her sister, the Lady Herbert, and the planner of the expedition, Lady Hastings, she set forth. Two ushers led the way through the long galleries and passages which had to be traversed before they reached the White Tower; but on arriving at the room adjoining the council-chamber which had so lately been thronged with armed men, but which was now utterly deserted, Jane inquired from her attendants the way to the chapel, and on ascertaining it, commanded her little train to await her return there, as she had determined on entering the sacred structure alone. In vain her sisters remonstrated with her—in vain the ushers suggested that there might be danger in trusting herself in such a place at such an hour without protection—she remained firm—but promised to return in a few minutes, after which they could explore the chapel together.

Taking a lamp from one of the attendants, and pursuing the course pointed out to her, she threaded a narrow passage, similar to that she had traversed with the Duke in the morning, and speedily entered upon the gallery above the chapel. As she passed through the opening in the wall leading to this gallery, she fancied she beheld the retreating figure of a man, muffled in a cloak, and she paused for a moment, half-inclined to turn back. Ashamed, however, of her irresolution, and satisfied that it was a mere trick of the imagination, she walked on. Descending a short spiral wooden staircase, she found herself within one of the aisles of the chapel, and passing between its columns, entered the body of the fane. For some time, she was lost in admiration of this beautiful structure, which, in its style of architecture—the purest Norman—is without an equal. She counted its twelve massive and circular stone pillars, noted their various ornaments and mouldings, and admired their grandeur and simplicity. Returning to the northern aisle, she glanced at its vaulted roof, and was enraptured at the beautiful effect produced by the interweaving arches.

While she was thus occupied, she again fancied she beheld the same muffled figure she had before seen, glide behind one of the pillars. Seriously alarmed, she was now about to retrace her steps, when her eye rested upon an object lying at a little distance from her, on the ground. Prompted by an undefinable feeling of curiosity, she hastened towards it, and holding forward the light, a shudder ran through her frame, as she perceived at her feet, *an axe!* It was the peculiarly-formed implement used by the headsman, and the edge was turned towards her.

At this moment, her lamp was extinguished.



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